EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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THE BLOSSOMS OF MAY.

THE CORAL BRACELET.

Translated and abridged from the French for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY by KATHARINE HAGAR.

"YOU are a vain little girl! You only care for braiding your hair and looking at yourself in the glass. Next you will ask for a necklace."

"Yes, I should like a pretty necklace like Margaret's. What harm is there in that?"

"I don't know; but I am sure that Grandma knows," the older sister answered.

The old lady took off her spectacles, and placing her hand on the brown locks of the younger child, said, with a smile, "The chapter of vanity is rather long for us to discuss, but we need not confound it with the care of our persons; for dressing the hair, cleaning the nails, and putting on one's hat carefully are details of order and neatness that a young girl must not neglect."

"But, Grandma," answered the older sister, blushing as she spoke, "this is not what we were talking about. It is the pretty dresses and jewelry that Matilda is wild to have."

"Then she desires things of very little value."

"Have n't you ever worn jewelry, Grandma?" the little girl asked.

"Yes, my child, I have adorned myself with jewelry and other pretty things, and I know by experience that we are not entirely happy when we have them."

"Oh, tell us the story!" cried the child, throwing her arms around the old lady's neck.

"Well, sit down, take your work, and I will try to recall the details of the day which I shall never forget, when I shed many tears on account of a bracelet."

"Cry about a bracelet!" little Matilda exclaimed. "I should rejoice if I owned one."

"And if you should lose it?"

The little girl opened her eyes wide as she said, "That *would* be hard."

"I rejoiced on the day when my godfather gave me a pretty bracelet with a gold clasp under a head cut in coral. This excited my curiosity. What did this bearded face cut in the red stone represent? Was it a Roman emperor, or one of the gods described in my Mythology? No one knew; no one could answer my questions. I was reduced to conjectures. Each day in turn I seemed to see represented on my bracelet the most important person that I had studied about in my history lesson. I however at last decided that my clasp represented the face of King David, only I could not tell if it were taken when he was a simple shepherd or after he was placed on a throne. I had not decided this point when I received an invitation to visit my cousins during the village festival.

"I can still see the square box covered with black and yellow paper in which Mamma placed my little baggage, — my dress of white percale freshly ironed, an apron embroidered by my aunt, and the red girdle that my grandmother had given me on New Year's Day; and what a pity that I could not have a scarf of the same color! I consoled myself by thinking of my bracelet, and I took from the drawer the box in which it was carefully kept on a bed of cotton.

"'Take care not to lose it,' said Mamma, as she put it safely among my things.

"'Lose it!' I answered, astonished. 'The clasp is too firm for that to be possible.'

"Our servant placed the box on his shoulder. I accompanied him, and soon arrived at the little village, where my three cousins were watching for me. They ran to meet me, and the youngest cried out, 'I was afraid you would not get here in time to make the cakes.'

"We had a busy day. When the oven was ready the baker of the village blew on a large shell, and the resounding noise that he made warned the housekeepers to bring their pastry. As the different batches of bread were baked at certain hours, this horn served also as a kind of clock for many of the village people. John, the servant, ran at the call. He aided the cook to put the loaves in a large flat basket; then he placed one on his head, Susan took the other, and we escorted them to the common oven, which this evening was moderately heated, as it was to receive only the cakes made in the various houses of the village.

"The jolly baker placed each cake in its turn on his great wooden shovel, and then pushed it into the open mouth of the oven. Finally, after some disputes and many jokes, the cakes were all in the oven, but so crowded one against the other that there was not left an empty place as large as my hand. Its massive stone door was closed, then packed all around with wet ashes, and we all returned home boasting to one another of the visitors that we expected and the good dinners that we had prepared.

"The next morning, as soon as I awoke, I ran to my box in order to take out my pretty dress.

"'What! Are you going to dress so early in white?' asked my cousin Sophy, smiling. 'This evening at the time of the promenade your dress will be soiled and tumbled.'

"'I must honor the guests you are expecting,' I said.

"'You think you are so important a person that strangers will notice your toilet!' exclaimed Amelia, who was entering the room. 'Come, my little one, not so much vanity! Put on your gingham this morning, and after dinner you will have time enough to display all your finery.'

"I followed Amelia's good advice. I put on my gingham dress; but as soon as my cousin's back was turned I took my bracelet out of its box and placed it on my arm, hoping thus to relieve the simplicity of my costume.

"We met, at the end of the village, two families of friends who were coming to spend the day with my uncle; and returning to the garden, we were a merry company of not less than a dozen children, boys and girls, and among the number was the brother of my cousins, who had come from his college for the festival.

"I always recall with pleasure this garden where I have frolicked so often, — old-fashioned, four large squares bordered by box, with flowers and vegetables in the centre; a wide margin surrounded it on three sides, on the fourth a walk hedged by dwarf arbutus, with a well of living water at the end. This well was very deep. Above it was a large arch, in the centre of which a great pulley sustained a long rope, having at the ends two buckets for drawing the water. And so fresh and cool was this water that a drink from the well was always a treat; so we often interrupted our games in order to start the pulley and quench our thirst.

"Not far from the well was a magnificent fig-tree, which we took for our goal in 'I spy.' How many times have I reached its shade breathless and triumphant, and what a pleasure, in the time of figs, to eat them while resting! This day the fig-tree heard our joyous bursts of laughter, for we played many games before going on the square to buy reed-pipes. What an uproar we made on our return, and that without any pity for my poor aunt who had a headache, and whose room looked upon the garden!

"At noon the bell rang, and we hastened into the large hall to eat at a table set for twenty-five guests. And what a feast!

"After dinner we went again into the garden. Charlotte and Cecilia perched in a cherry-tree as though they were birds, others gathered flowers; but presently we all went to our rooms to dress.

"I displayed with much pleasure my fresh dress, and Sophy admired the embroidery of my apron; but as I was taking off my gingham, what did I miss? My bracelet was no longer on my arm. I was surprised; I was stupefied. Great were my lamentations.

"'What is the matter?' Amelia exclaimed, coming from the corridor.

"'My bracelet!' I answered, weeping. 'I have lost my bracelet.'

"'If you had left it in your box instead of dressing up so fine early in the morning,' she said, 'this would not have happened.'

"'Come,' said Cecilia, pitying me, 'do not grieve so. It must have fallen in the garden. Let us go and look for it.'

"Alas! In vain we explored the garden and terrace, we searched in the gravel around the fig-tree. Nothing could be found, absolutely nothing. I went like a crazy thing from place to place, hoping to see the clasp of my bracelet shine out under every leaf that I turned over; but despair always followed hope.

"Finally Amelia came to call us and tell us we must go in and finish dressing.

"'And my bracelet?' I inquired, pitifully.

"'Well,' she said, 'do you want the festival to be given up because you have lost your bracelet?'

"At this moment Cecilia came running towards us, saying, —

"'Papa is going to have your bracelet "cried" on the street. Perhaps you lost it when we went to buy the whistles.'

"I was hopeful again. And soon I heard the shrill voice of a little boy repeating again and again, 'Whoever has found a coral bracelet, lost this morning, will receive a reward by returning it to the house of Mr. P.'

"I forgot my trouble for a moment while watching the dancing of the village people; but when I thought again of my bracelet, I felt as though a great hand had been laid on my breast. Every one appeared so pleased, so happy, so ready for enjoyment! I asked myself with bitterness why my grief did not trouble any one.

"However, I tried to appear gay; but I was glad when I could at last go to bed. I cried myself to sleep, but awoke at two o'clock, having dreamed confusedly of King David, the cakes, the great oven, and the dancing. As I heard the clock strike two, I said to myself, 'This is because I have so much trouble. My grief prevents me from sleeping. It is like old Marion, who told my mother a few days ago that since the burning of their farm-house she had not slept two hours consecutively.' I thought that very strange. Now I understood it. 'Poor Marion! How I pity her!' I added, turning my head on the pillow, trying in vain to fall asleep again. The rest of the night was a kind of nightmare. Finally I dreamed that my bracelet was around the pulley of the well in the place of the rope. I woke up suddenly and called to Cecilia, telling her that my bracelet was in the well.

"Cecilia, always kind, instead of scolding me for having disturbed her sleep, rubbed her eyes and said, 'You may be right. It is daylight. I

will run as soon as I am dressed and ask Papa if he can have it fished out for you.'

"I awaited her return with much anxiety. She said her father would speak to the servant about it.

"After breakfast we went into the garden. John fastened one end of a long rope around Daniel's body. Daniel, with a rake in his hand, went down into the well, placing his feet on the projecting stones of the masonry.

"When he was near the water he plunged his rake into the bottom and brought it up loaded with mud. A basket, which John lowered by means of another rope, received this mud. Oh, how my heart beat when this basket was brought up and emptied at my feet! I was not afraid of soiling my hands as I thrust them into this filth; but I searched in vain. There was nothing to be found resembling my bracelet, even after six basketfuls had been sent up by the patient Daniel and carefully examined by Cecilia and myself.

"'The well will be cleaned; that is a good thing,' said Daniel, from the depth of the abyss. 'The rake touches the stone now.'

"My uncle called to him: 'We must take advantage of this to replace the gravel.'

"'John can bring some basketfuls and I will throw them into the bottom,' Daniel answered.

"'So you have no longer any hope of finding my bracelet,' I sobbed, leaning over the opening.

"'We have done all we could, my little lady, but it is surely lost,' replied the worthy workman, throwing his rake once more into the water with a gesture that seemed to say, 'There is nothing here.'

"Sobs choked me. I ran behind a tree to give them full vent, when I heard Daniel say, 'Hold! what is this? Something shines.'

"With a leap I was again on the brink. What did I see? A red point on one of the teeth of the rake that Daniel raised towards me.

"'Quick, John, let down an empty basket!' I cried; and in a few minutes the precious object was before me.

"To seize it, run like a crazy person through the house, screaming 'It is found! I have it!' to go quite out of breath into my aunt's room, laughing and crying, was my next move. 'How happy I am!' I cried, embracing my cousins. My aunt smiled, and said, 'You forget the trouble you have caused. You have not thanked Daniel and John.'

"I had not thought of them in my selfish joy; but ashamed of my forgetfulness I hastened to the kitchen, where I found the two workmen. I thanked them both very warmly.

"My mother came the next day; and when I left, my uncle patted my cheek, saying, 'The next time you visit us bring your gayety and sweetness, and leave at home these fine ornaments which have given us more trouble than pleasure.' This friendly admonition was accompanied by an invitation for the following week.

"My mother allowed me to go. As I entered the house I met a young girl whom I had seen in the kitchen aiding the cook during my previous visit.

"Her eyes were red, and she looked very sad. 'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'My father is very sick.'

"'What ails your father, poor Jenny?'

"'He took cold when he was in the well looking for something that had fallen in.'

"Then I remembered that Daniel was Jenny's father. And the thought that I might be the cause of his sickness frightened me so that I could not say another word.

"I was, as usual, welcomed with the greatest kindness by my relatives, but I felt ill at ease. I was afraid that some one would speak of Daniel's illness, and blame me for it.

"I was relieved when I heard my aunt say to her husband at dinner, 'Daniel is decidedly better. The doctor has assured me that he is out of danger.'

"My uncle replied, 'Thank God that this good man is preserved to his children.'

"I was much troubled by the thought of poor Daniel's suffering. I pictured him to myself as lying in bed, pale and weak, and perhaps his sickness would leave him with a cough.

"I resolved to do something to make him comfortable; and as I knew how to knit, I took the money that I had saved for a pretty scarf to match my girdle, and went with Cecilia to a shop and bought a quantity of coarse brown wool.

"Then I showed it to my aunt, and asked her to begin a man's jacket with one skein of it.

"'But, my dear child, you will never finish such a task. To whom will you give it?'

"'I wish to make it for Daniel, so that he will not take cold this winter,' I answered, in a low and trembling voice.

"My aunt did not answer, but kissing me, began the jacket for me.

"I worked at it assiduously; and with mamma's help I had it finished in a fortnight. I did not regret, when I gave it to Daniel, the scarf that I had gone without in order to buy the material. The poor man was very grateful."

"And after this experience, Grandma, I suppose you never cared again for pretty dresses and jewels?" asked Julia, the oldest girl.

"I cannot say that, my child; I have often enjoyed my ornaments. But the remembrance of the loss of my bracelet has come before my mind, and as I grew older I have realized that a sweet and gentle spirit like my cousin Cecilia's is much more attractive than any dress, however beautiful it may be. Her desire to be loved because she loved others, to be useful, to give pleasure by sacrificing her tastes to other people, has made her always loved and admired."

History and Biography.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY, HERO AND MARTYR.

BY CHARITY DYE.

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

ANOTHER Memorial Day finds us ready to bring with our flowers to the graves of our dead heroes a larger love, a deeper gratitude, and an ever-increasing devotion to the principles of Freedom and Union for which they gave their lives. There is no more fitting time than this, to include in our remembrance all the seemingly forgotten heroes who belong with those entitled to national honor. The name of such a hero heads this paper.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy deserves to be placed, if not first, at least among the foremost of Freedom's martyrs. His written life is long since out of print; but his influence is still with us, quickening hearts that will hand it on. This remarkable man was born at Albion, Kennebec County, Maine, Nov. 8, 1802. Little incidents here and there show us the progress of his character, and we see that the seed-time was in every way in keeping with the harvest. He was of Scotch and English ancestry. The reverent influence of a New England Congregationalist minister's home surrounded him. By and by there came into this home two sisters and six brothers, bringing to Elijah the companionship, cheer, and opportunity for sacrifice afforded by a large family. He could read well at four, and had a thirst for knowledge that he never tired in satisfying. His memory was so retentive that when older he was known to repeat sermons *verbatim*. He expressed his thoughts well, and it was this gift that led him into journalism.

The first honors were his upon graduation from Waterville College in 1823. Upon this occasion he wrote a creditable poem. He loved Nature and his mother with all the ardor of a sensitive, finely-strung soul. He did not know what personal fear meant, and his bravery quelled cowards, as the following incident of his later life will show.

Upon one occasion a mob started out to tar and feather him and then set him adrift in a skiff down the Mississippi River. They met him at a secluded spot in the road some distance from town. He was alone. They halted him and told him their intentions. Lovejoy listened quietly, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am in your hands, with neither the power nor the intention to resist. I have, however, one request to make. My wife is dangerously ill, and I was on my way to have a prescription filled. If one of you will pledge his word to take it, have the medicine prepared, and deliver it at my house without letting my wife know what has become of me, you may do with me what you wish." A silence fell upon the mob. When some one called out to the leader asking what was to be done, he replied with profanity, "I can't touch him! he's too brave a man." Lovejoy went his way in peace.

He removed from Maine to St. Louis, Mo., in 1827. He taught school here as he had done in Maine. The next year (1828) he was connected with the "Times" newspaper. Having previously joined the Presbyterian church, he went to Princeton Theological Seminary in 1832, and became a preacher. The next year he returned to St. Louis to edit the St. Louis "Observer," a religious newspaper. It was after Lovejoy became preacher and editor that his struggles began. He was identified with the Garrison wing of the Antislavery party, but favored colonization and gradual emancipation. He was not a politician but a preacher. He condemned slavery as he would intemperance or any other evil. He saw what it meant to sell colored babies at home in order to found missions abroad, and that the real slave was the owner, who must free himself by first freeing his slaves. He expressed his mind freely through his paper, and spoke as occasion offered. He had at all times the full courage of his convictions. He was constantly entreated by friends and warned by enemies to be silent upon the Slavery question. He said: "I have kept a good conscience, and that repays me for all I have suffered or can suffer. I have sworn eternal opposition to Slavery, and by the blessing of God I will never go back." He claimed the right of free speech as allowed by the Constitution of the United States, by the Constitution of his own State, and as the inalienable right of man. Opposition against him increased, and his delicate wife was kept in a state of ill-health from the frequent attacks of the mobs and her constant anxiety for his safety.

Matters kept growing worse. A negro had been lynched, and other injustices done. Lovejoy condemned through his paper the course taken by the community. He did not base his condemnation on color, but on humanity, and showed where such a course would finally lead. The citizens, assembled in a meeting publicly called expressed their censure upon Lovejoy's boldness, and gave him warning. He relinquished his place on the "Observer" on account of changes in its management, but was subsequently recalled. He finally left St. Louis and went to live in Alton, Illinois. Here one press after another was destroyed, until the fourth one came to Alton on the fatal day of Nov. 7, 1837. That night a mob fired the building, demanding

(*Continued on page* 150.)

Our Letter-Box.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 82 letters.

My 35, 42, 59, 56, 8, 67, 28, 24, 78, is one of the Western States.

My 68, 18, 5, 73, 52, 54, 72, is a channel near the British Isles.

My 49, 57, 18, 33, 24, 22, 43, is a river in Australia.

My 3, 18, 5, 10, 24, 17, 79, is a river in Texas.

My 26, 77, 6, 5, 17, 2, 55, is an island in Lake Superior.

My 75, 31, 18, 76, 82, 63, 34, is a city in the Dominion of Canada.

My 42, 60, 36, 72, 51, is a country in the south of Europe.

My 61, 76, 45, 29, 42, 10, 43, 53, 71, 26, is a town in England from which Richard III. marched his forces to the Battle of Bosworth Field.

My 38, 47, 21, 26, 20, 73, is the most noted river in the British Isles.

My 25, 36, 13, 32, 50, 65, 81, 28, 73, 16, 7, is the capital of one of the Southern States.

My 70, 13, 62, 18, 42, 49, 50, is the State.

My 46, 40, 18, 18, 48, — 39, 71, 19, 45, 12, is a city of some importance in Indiana.

My 9, 74, 11, 64,—5, 78, 23, 42, 69, 59, is a cluster of islands between North and South America.

My 44, 21, 79, 64, 5, is one of those islands.

My 66, 23, 5, 41, 15, 27, 18, 43, 44, is a city in Scotland.

My 21, 30, 18, 5, 56, 57, is a continent on the Eastern Hemisphere.

My 80, 5, 11, 37, 54, 55, 18, 42, is a large river in the United States.

My 11, 9, 69, 23, 74, 58, is a country in the north of Europe.

My 21, 14, 43, 4, 36, 22, 5, 37, 1, 21, 41, is a country in Asia.

My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare. If we follow it, we shall become good men and women.

GEO. E. MCMURDIE.

ENIGMA XXXV.

My whole is a proverb.
I am composed of 15 letters.
My 6, 7, is none.
My 12, 14, is a preposition.
My 2, 11, is an article.
My 1, 2, 3, is an active verb in the past tense.
My 3, 5, 5, is to behold.
My 9, 10, 13, 15, is need.
My 4, 5, 6, is a number.
My 8, 5, 2, is a harmless drink.

GRACE FRISBEE, 8 years old.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 3, 14, is in a church.
My 1, 6, 7, is a male child.
My 2, 4, 7, is a kitchen utensil.
My 3, 4, 16, 12, to work for compensation.
My 1, 14, 15, 16, 17, is a weapon of defence.
My 10, 11, 17, is a small goat.
My 5, 11, 7, 17, is to be good.
My 8, 4, 2, is to lay together.
My 9, 4, 16, 17, is an enclosure.
My 13, 6, 7, 10, 3, 9, is an animal.
My 7, 15, is a negative.
My 17, 6, 3, 18, is a verb signifying to act.
My whole is a maxim for girls and boys.

CLARA MORRISON.

ENIGMA XXXVII.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 19, 13, 8, 5, 10, is to pursue.
My 17, 10, 12, 21, 14, 28, is the sign of a sound.
My 23, 15, 11, 25, 24, is a fireside requisite.
My 12, 27, 8, 28, is to pull apart.
My 1, 8, 2, 25, is what we put on a fish-hook.
My 1, 2, 4, is to command.
My 7, 3, 6, 25, 26, is foam.
My 9, 18, 23, is mist.
My 23, 3, 2, 24, 16, is sorrow.
My 19, 22, 18, 20, is to bake.
My 5, 26, 6, 15, 21, is not long.
My whole is a proverb very much in use.

HARRY HIRSH.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is the opposite of more.
My 1, 6, 7, is an article of furniture.
My 8, 17, 9, 10, is a measure of land.
My 14, 15, 16, 18, 11, is what is given you for being good at school.
My 12, 13, is a pronoun.
My 19, 20, 21, 21, is not empty.
My whole is part of a verse found in the Bible.

MINNA D. MOTLEY.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. XVII.

Enigma XXIX. Daniel Webster.
Enigma XXX. Count Robert of Paris.
Enigma XXXI. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

For Youngest Readers.

AMY'S VIOLETS.

BY. H. K.

LITTLE AMY danced from flower to flower in the old-fashioned garden, while Aunt Mary, with her book in her hand, sat down under a shady tree. Amy said "Hallo" to the sweet peas on the tall frame above her head, and they nodded gayly back, waving their pink, purple, and white wings in the breeze. Then she put her face down into the plot of fragrant mignonette. "The flowers that Mamma loves," she said.

Next Amy ran over to the poppies, pulled them and broke them, and at last got a handful to carry to Aunt Mary. And as she ran, she squeezed them tight in her little chubby hand. The pretty bright petals dropped, and she could only show Aunt Mary the green stems firm in her grasp. And Aunt Mary said, —

"Pleasures are like poppies spread, —
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

"I 'll have a rose," Amy exclaimed, throwing away her poppy stems, and dancing over to a rose-bush. "I 'll have this one," she began, as she saw the single blossom among the leaves; but as she grasped it she cried, "Oh, how it scratches!"

"No rose without a thorn," said Aunt Mary.

"I 'll pick the little violets. Mamma says they are the flowers for little girls."

Little Amy picked one, five, ten, twenty, a hundred violets, her apron full.

Presently Amy thought she would carry her apron full of tiny sweet violets to the baker's shop, for the man behind the counter had given her a stick of candy when she went there the day before with Aunt Mary.

So she walked down the long and dusty street. Oh, how hot the sun was! At last she found the window.

"How good it all looks!" the tired child thought. She went inside. There was the man behind the counter; but he did not smile at her as he had when she was with Aunt Mary.

Just then a tall man with long arms and freckled hands, with a white cap on his head and wearing a big white apron, came from the bakery below, and Amy, frightened a little at his appearance, began to wish that she was again in the garden with Aunt Mary.

The man behind the counter did not care for the flowers Amy offered him; but the tall baker said, "I would like them for my little girl."

He took the flowers, and the man behind the counter gave Amy a stick of red and white striped candy, and then went to the door with her and started her straight for home.

Amy ran as fast as she could till she reached the garden. Aunt Mary looked up from her book and said, —

"Where have you been, child? You know your Mamma does n't want you to go out of the yard alone." And Aunt Mary opened her book again.

The tall baker carried the tangle of violets into a cool cellar, to wait till he had made seventy-five loaves of bread. When he had finished his work, he started for his home with the flowers; it seemed as though they brightened up and opened out their half-withered petals because he had said that he would take them to his little girl. He lived in a gloomy lane where there were no yards or gardens, and all the houses were set close together. The only green plant in his house was a geranium, that the little girl's mother kept in an old tin can in the window; but it did not know how to blossom.

As the baker entered the lane, there in the distance on the door-step his little girl was watching for him, and he called, "Come, I have something nice for you." She ran joyfully to meet him; and after they had gone into the house, while he was eating his supper, she put the violets one by one in a basin of water, with their wise little faces looking up at her.

"I think they are most as happy as I am," she said.

And perhaps they were.

THEN, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

CROWS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

ACCORDING to classic fable the crow's feathers were once of purest white; but he was a tale-bearer and a mischief-maker, and so displeased Apollo by his wicked stories that the god changed his color to black, and decreed that he should henceforth wear a mourning garb. From that day the crow was thought to be a bird of evil omen, and is still in some degree so considered by the ignorant and superstitious.

One can hardly understand why a god so powerful as to be able to change the hue of a bird's feathers by a word, could not also have changed its mischievous nature, which however was not done. The crow still ranks first among birds in mischief and cunning. He has been well described as possessing "many diverting qualities, — active, curious, sagacious, impudent, and mischievous; by nature a glutton, by habit a thief, in disposition a miser, and in practice a rogue;" nevertheless, he is often domesticated and kept as a pet, and really becomes a great talker.

The crow soon learns to know each member of the family that has adopted him, and will protest shrilly at the advances of a stranger. He remembers accurately the hours for meals, to which he brings a generous and unfailing appetite. Indeed, he is always ready for "a bite between meals," and indulges freely in lunches, surreptitious and otherwise, sometimes even going so far as to kill a young chicken from the barnyard, as a special *bonne bouche*.

The thieving habits of the crow are unfortunately too well confirmed. He is ready to take anything he can carry, but is particularly attracted by bright colors and shining articles. Knives, scissors, thimbles, bits of jewelry or tin, gold, silver, or copper money, gay ribbons and fragments of cloth, he pilfers with a sort of solemn glee, and hides away here and there in all sorts of odd holes and corners. I once knew of a crow stealing the lock from a door; and another actually carried off a linen coat which his master, an old soldier, was accustomed to wear.

The untamed crow — that is, the crow in his natural state — is probably less beloved, and more persecuted by man, than any other bird. He has little to recommend him to consideration either through eye or ear. As we know, he is decidedly funereal in appearance, his notes are harsh and strident, having no melody, and being utterly unworthy to be called a song, and his manners are pert and saucy. He receives no credit for the myriads of pests — such as grubs, beetles, cutworms, caterpillars, mice, moles, etc. — that he destroys; but every man and boy carrying a gun aims it at him, glorying in his destruction, and seldom if ever is a voice raised in his behalf.

Truly, the farmer and his sons have plenty of excuse for their ill-will against this bird; for when they have carefully prepared and sown a field with corn, and watched it anxiously till it is well above ground, the crows often descend upon it like a black cloud, and, quicker than one could think possible, pull up such quantities of the starting grain, that often the field has to be planted a second and even a third time.

The animosity of the farmer to the crow, however, does not destroy his courage, but has the effect of making him very crafty. He soon comes to know that the farmer himself is but little to be dreaded when without his gun, and for a man made up of old clothes stuffed with straw he cherishes the most hearty contempt. With his curious walking step he fearlessly approaches this "scare-crow" of a human effigy, or, in flying, drops upon his shoulder, shouts a loud "caw-caw" into his very ear, as if in derision, then perhaps busies himself for a moment in plucking a stray kernel from some projecting straw, and flies off again crying, "caw-caw-caw." The device of a wind-mill beating against a tin pan hardly disturbs him by its noise. Bits of looking-glass or bright tin, swinging and glittering in the sunlight, deter him only for a moment; he soon pillages as if they were not there. But when the farmer draws a slender twine from corner to corner of his planted plot, the crow looks at it warily, and hesitates to alight. He is puzzled, and usually declines the risk.

The American crow is scarcely eighteen inches in length, being somewhat smaller than his cousin the English raven, which measures a good two feet. About the middle of March he and his mate start the building of their nest. They choose the top of some very high tree, where they carry sticks, bark, and moss, weaving all together, and using mossy earth as a sort of mortar to fill up the interstices. Then a soft elastic lining of hair and wool is added, and all is ready for the reception of the eggs. These are four or five in number, of a pale green spotted with olive. While the female sits, which she does for about twenty days, her mate is very attentive, watching beside her, and keeping her supplied with food; and both are silent.

It is said that after the young crows are hatched it is many hours before they receive any food; then the mother feeds them by disgorging into their bills a substance which she has prepared for the purpose in her own stomach, — just as pigeons do for their young. In four or five weeks the fledglings are ready to leave the nest, but not to provide for their own wants; the parents still continue to bring them food, and at night the whole family return to the nest. The father is active and bold in defence of his family, and as zealous as the mother in providing for their wants.

After the breeding season is over, and the young have become quite able to care for themselves, the crows collect together, forming vast flocks; and on the approach of winter they leave their more northern homes and fly southward, but only to return again at the earliest approach of spring.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY, HERO AND MARTYR.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

the press. While bravely defending it with a number of friends, Lovejoy was killed receiving several shots. One can see the high principles actuating this man's life from some of the words in his dying appeal, from which we quote.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "it is not true, as has been charged upon me, that I hold in contempt the feelings and sentiments of this community in reference to the question which is now agitating it. I respect and appreciate the feelings and opinions of my fellow-citizens, and it is one of the most painful and unpleasant duties of my life that I am called upon to act in opposition to them. If you suppose, sir, that I have published sentiments contrary to those generally held in this community because I delighted in differing from them or in occasioning disturbance, you have entirely misapprehended me. But, sir, while I value the good opinion of my fellow-citizens as highly as any one, I may be permitted to say that I am governed by higher considerations than either the favor or the fear of man. I am impelled to the course I have taken because I fear God, and, as I shall answer to my God at the last great day, I dare not abandon my sentiments or cease in all proper ways to propagate them."

Do not these words sound like another Luther risen in the New World? What a picture they give of the noble impulses compelling him to fight in the midst of men for Man!

The soil upon which Lovejoy fell, and in which he was buried, was a part of the territory dedicated to Freedom in 1787. Yet his grave was long unmarked, and finally became almost unknown. At one time it was in a roadway. At last his remains were removed to the spot where they now are in the cemetery at Alton. Later on, Mr. Thomas Dimmock, of St. Louis, placed a simple monument over his grave, bearing the inscription: "Here lies Lovejoy. Spare him now that he is buried." Mr. Dimmock has lately intrusted the care of Lovejoy's grave to the colored people at Alton, who received the trust as a great honor.

This fact is a good landmark from which to look back to the time before the "Great Conflict" and see what this man did toward helping to establish freedom. We cannot measure him without a glance at his time and what other workers, prominent since, were doing then. Lovejoy opened his eyes on a United States that extended only to the Mississippi River. Its Constitution permitted the importation of African slaves till he was six years old, in 1808. He closed his eyes on a United States with a territory extended by the Louisiana purchase. The mustard-seed beginnings of justice had already begun to grow, and the problem of Freedom was already working itself out. How much he did toward arousing conscience and shaping public opinion at this formative time will never be known.

At the period of Lovejoy's persecution and martyrdom Garrison and his faithful, but forsaken, few were waging Antislavery war in New England; but John Brown was still in the wool trade, with his oath of eternal vengeance upon slavery unexecuted, and his scaffold standing twenty-two years in the future. "Our Martyr Chief" was then twenty-eight years old, and an aspiring politician; but it is not known that he lifted his voice for Lovejoy or defended his cause, though their political principles were the same.

Our lives are better to-day from the fact that there lived among us, a little more than fifty years ago, a man who planted himself firmly on the ground of highest right and human freedom, — a man who walked with the eternal, and who stood an untrammelled witness for the truth. We know of few grander figures than his in our own or any other history.

"Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success of a day?
The martyr, or hero? The Spartans who fell in Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?"

AND it was good for them to be there, but not too long. Man was sent into this world not merely to see, but to do; and the more he sees, the more he is bound to go and do accordingly. Saint Peter had to come down from the mount and preach the gospel wearily for many a year, and die at last upon the cross.

THEN welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang: dare, never grudge the throe!

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THE boy who cannot remember his grandfather and grandmother does not know how much such a memory is worth. My grandfather was a farmer, and some of the dearest hours of my life were spent on his farm. For several summers I was there, and I can remember the sound of the whetstone clicking against the scythe, for in those days there were no mowing-machines.

The spring-time was a joyous season of the year. Some of grandfather's chickens had been killed by foxes. We knew where their holes were. The foxes, however, were too cunning to be caught in a trap. So one day the hired man, with grandfather and myself to look on, went over to the holes with guns to shoot the foxes, and with spades to dig them out. I expected to tell the story of that afternoon's work at the tea-table, as the country boy did his little adventure, when he said, "Me and dog and father killed a woodchuck."

But the foxes were cunning creatures. We came to dig them out: they had "dug out" before we got there, and we had nothing to show but a pile of sand.

There was a small pear orchard back of my grandfather's cheese house on that old farm. Last year a railroad was built where those trees used to stand. Each spring several calves were kept in the little orchard, and it was rare fun to me to see them frolic.

I could not understand how so short an animal as a calf could kick so high. As soon as they saw me they would come to the bars, and when I put my hand through to pat their hornless heads, they would try to suck my fingers.

A little cousin of mine, who sucked his thumb, said to his mother, who was trying to break him of the habit, "Do let me suck it, mamma, it 's such a tumfort to me."

I used to pity the calves, with all their fun, for I thought they missed their mothers; and I sometimes comforted them with one of my fingers.

I thought it would be a nice thing to know how to milk. The real inducement to learn was to have some fun. There was a big gray cat on the premises, and she and I were the best of friends. I was allowed to try my hand on a very gentle old cow, and Puss was my companion at the milking-stool.

You ought to have seen her "catch on," as the boys say, to the stream of milk that I squirted fire-engine fashion toward her. You ought to have seen her astonished look as I threw it square in her face. But she was a forgiving old pussy, and liked the milk so well that she was ready to try the game of catch over again, with a very little coaxing.

At length my visit was over. I went home; and what place do you think I went to first?

I went straight to the barn. There was a little meeting-house on the top of it, and the doves held service in their own church every day in the week. I could hear their cooing as I stood on the ground and looked up at them. Sometimes they squabbled on the steps of the little church. I have known boys to forget themselves in a real church; so we must not be too hard on doves for a slight misunderstanding in a make-believe church.

It was very pleasant to get back to my home once more, and see what changes had taken place during my absence. There stood the old cow in the barnyard. But what made her look at me almost savagely as I came to the gate? There was a handsome calf at her side. It was about three weeks old.

I was delighted. I ran into the house and asked my father what was to be done with the calf?

"Oh," said he, "our prodigal has returned, and when the calf is fat enough we will kill her."

"O father," said I, "don't have that pretty calf killed. Let me raise her."

"She is too old now," said my father, "to learn to drink. If we let her run with the cow till she is big enough to live on grass, we shall have very little milk."

How I begged for the life of that pretty calf! How often I have since thought of father's words, "*too old to learn to drink*," and wondered if boys as well as calves ever get too old to learn to drink!

To make a long story short, father at last said, "If you really think you can teach that calf to drink, you may try it, and you may use what milk is really necessary to mix with hay-tea as soon as you can get her to take that, if indeed you ever can, which I very much doubt."

I had heard the saying, "It is hard work to teach an old dog new tricks." But I believed in calves, and above all in that calf. So I went to work. I took a sap-bucket and nailed a well-softened piece of very heavy leather to the bottom of it, letting a bit, about half the length and just the size of one of my fingers, stick up in the bucket.

Then the A, B, C of calf education began. Bossy did not object to taking my finger in her mouth. But as I gradually lowered my hand into the milk, it ran into her nostrils. How she blew, and what faces she made! But she could taste the milk, and her long tongue felt all around the outside of her chops to find it.

Day after day I persevered, till at last the pretty creature would drink almost anything I chose to put in her sap-bucket. She would hang to the leather at the bottom of it, as if her good things all came from that. My father was almost as much pleased as I was. I had saved the bossy's life by teaching her how to drink milk, and for years after she grew up she furnished us with milk and butter in rich profusion.

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

BY LUCY SIMONDS HILL.

I THANK Thee, Father, Source of bliss,
For every joy I feel;
For gleams of tranquil happiness
That o'er my spirit steal.

I thank Thee that each rising morn
Thy favors still are new,
And at the fading hours of light
Descend like evening dew.

Around me Nature's sweetest charms,
In rich profusion spread,
Inspire the hope of purer bliss
When youth and life are fled.

I know the spirit oft may shrink
From Sorrow's fearful blow,
And Hope's firm anchor be dislodged
By the stern tide of Woe;

Yet, from the lessons of the past,
And Thine assurance given,
E'en these vicissitudes, I know,
Can train the soul for heaven.

I thank Thee, then, for light and shade;
For good and seeming ill;
And humbly trust my future lot
To Thine unerring will.

Thy love, the same through life, in death
My trembling hopes shall raise,
Till their fruition shall awake
The eternal hymn of praise.

THE LESSON OF THE PINE-TREES.

BY MARY J. GEORGE.

ONCE upon a time a stately clump of pines raised their tall crowns in the air and reached out their branches and rejoiced, though the snow lay all about them and the winds blew and the storms came; for everybody said, "How beautiful they are! What should we do through the long, dreary winter if it were not for the greenness of the pines, which keeps us from forgetting the robe that the far-off summer wears?" And as often as the trees heard their own praises they lifted their heads higher and higher, and soon were hardly willing to bow before the blast, so proud were they.

After a long while the springtime came, and the elm and the maple buds swelled and broke into leaf, and the grass stretched and stretched itself till it got up in sight, and all the people said, "How beautiful are they! How green the grass is, and how happy we are in seeing these tender leaves and fresh shoots!" and the pines were forgotten.

But *they* did not forget. They remembered how the praise had once all been theirs, and they grew very angry, — so angry that they were fairly yellow with rage and jealousy; and they shook themselves so fiercely that their needles fell off to the ground, and their poor trunks and branches stood almost bare.

Then the sun looked down and said, "Why are you so unhappy, O pine-trees? You were still beautiful, though none longer admired you; but now you are unlovely both in heart and form. Love beauty not for what it brings, but for what it is. Repent, my children, and in my smiles shall you grow green again."

And the pine-trees were ashamed, and with meekness took the rebuke, and grew humble in spirit and were clothed upon with new beauty day by day. And when the sun sent down his warm smiles upon them the trees breathed out their grateful thanks in sweetest odors, and the air was fragrant with their perfume.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. H. F. BOND,

Superintendent of the Montana Industrial School for Crow Indians.

"I HAVE just come from our regular Sunday services, held now at 10.30 A.M. The hour was exceedingly interesting to me, and also, I think, to the children. I took for my text your communication in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY about our school, with the account of our Christmas-tree and of each day's employment of the children. You should have seen the faces of these Indian children when I told them of the 'paper talk' of Mrs. Bond, sent away off to Boston, — so far that it took five days and nights going like *that* (making a swift motion with my hand) to get there; and then that printed copies were made as fast as *that* (with a quick motion of my hand as if stamping), and then that they were sent to the

thirty different Sunday-schools of Boston of one hundred children each, and to the three hundred Sunday-schools all over the country, and back again to us here. And then I read to them to show that all the children and people of our schools and churches were learning just what we did here Christmas, and just what the children did here every day; and there was great pleasure and laughing to find how it all corresponded with their own knowledge, and Frankie Keiser opened his big eyes wider than usual, and near-sighted Peter peered through his contracted eyelids, when they heard their own familiar names read. Then I said that some day we might print a paper here, and told them about the 'Indian Helper,' printed by the Indian boys at Carlisle, and afterward showed them copies of it. I told them that the children in all those schools would like to see what they could make with their hands, and that every one of them must try to make something to send to you.

"Then I told them that there was something like a very long thread that connected us with all those schools in and about Boston, and this again interested them. I think some of them comprehended the idea."

Teachers' Department.

THE TEACHER'S WORK IN PREPARATION.

Every Sunday-school lesson will have in it one central thought — one guiding truth — standing out as its main and most important part. Round this there will be found a larger or smaller cluster of incidents or subsidiary truths, all helping to explain and enforce the chief point, while each is interesting and useful in itself. *The main truth* is what we must grasp as the one thing which is to be taught, to be clinched in our scholars' minds, whatever else goes unnoticed. To have obtained a clear and decided idea of the lesson we intend to enforce is the first and most important point in preparation.

The next step, naturally, is to get this truth put into the shape in which it will be most easily understood and probably remembered by our class. It is obvious that the form of treatment must be very different in an infant or a junior class from what it must be with the higher classes, and that they, again, will differ from the adults. So varied, indeed, will be the composition of classes that no one but their own teacher can form a correct judgment as to what will suit them. The power to understand merely abstract ideas comes only with education, and therefore the little ones must mainly be taught by reference to physical phenomena or to the details of their daily life. With them, too, the teaching must be dogmatic; the positive "it is so" being more and more toned with the "because" as we get higher and higher in the scale of age and education. In the very highest classes these two should be reversed, and the teaching be — "because" of such and such reasons, therefore "it is so."

While, however, we strive to present the truth suitably to the understanding of our scholars, we must not attempt to make it precisely fit them. As the strength of a chain is its weakest link, so the intelligence of our class is that of its most backward member; and, besides that, our natural tendency is to think that our previous efforts have been more successful than has really been the case. Hence we must aim at simplicity, using that term as bearing on the least intellectual of our scholars, so that our instruction may fit them a little too easily, if the expression may be allowed.

Associated with this simplicity there must be definiteness and directness of application. The first we cannot possibly have unless we ourselves have started with a clear knowledge of what we intend to teach and of the way we can teach it. If we have the least doubt on either of these points with regard to any portion of our lesson, it is better to drop that part, or at all events to touch very, very lightly upon it. It is far better so than to leave a doubt in the minds of our class as to what we intended, for we may be sure that if an erroneous conclusion is possible it will be drawn.

A case in point happened to myself when on one occasion I did not make my full meaning clear, though I might have done so if I had not in my youthful enthusiasm fancied that my scholars knew much more than they did. I had been speaking of the nobility of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and had urged the benefit and beauty of my boys giving up for the sake of their younger brothers and sisters. I was somewhat astounded to find shortly afterwards that the scholars had made it a ground for demanding as a right that their elders should give up to them! Of course it was a natural argument as the lesson stood, and my error was that my teaching lacked definiteness. It needed to be completed by being carried farther, and my class shown that the very beauty of self-sacrifice was its voluntariness, — that while it was a good thing in the person who did it, others had no right to demand that it should be done. — *The Quiver.*

THE NEW MANUALS.

The Unitarian Sunday-school Society has just issued —

I. **Every-day Life, Illustrated by the Life of Jesus,** with Pictures by the Masters and Original Stories. By Mrs. E. C. Wilson. Part II. Paper covers, 15 cents; $1.75 per dozen.

This long-expected Manual for younger classes fully sustains the reputation gained by the author for Part I. of these Lessons, presenting great truths in the form of some incidents in Jesus' life, illustrating them by original stories, and making text and story attractive by good pictures.

II (a). **An Illustrated Sunday-school Primer for Primary Classes.** By Mrs. Frances E. Colburn. Paper covers, 15 cents; $1.50 per dozen.

(b). **A Teacher's Manual to accompany the Illustrated Teacher's Manual.** By Mrs. Frances E. Colburn. Paper covers, 20 cents.

These two books make a "new departure" in the teaching of "Infant" or *Primary* classes. The Primer is designed to take the place of "Infant Class Cards" and to give the little ones a picture-book with simple lessons on Nature and Life, and the leading Virtues of the Christian character. The Manual for the teachers gives suggestions as to the best way in which to present, illustrate, and enforce the lessons of the Primer. The author says in her Preface, —

"The Primer and Manual have been written to supply a need, long felt in many of our Sunday-schools, for definite religious instruction adapted to pupils *from the age of four to seven years.* The main work of the Sunday-school year with a class using the Primer will be the building of the Tower of Character. The earlier lessons in the book simply lead up to this work. It is hoped that children who have reared this Tower will have gained some valuable knowledge of the Bible, and especially of the life and teachings of Jesus, and will thus be better able to appreciate the truths which will later be unfolded to them in their studies of the Christian religion."

Both books embody the results gained by experience in the home training and Sunday-school teaching of young children. For the large number of little ones in the Primary Classes of all our Sunday-schools this Primer provides easy steps to an early knowledge of moral and religious truth.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The signs point to a large and inspiring meeting of our Unitarian Sunday-schools in Tremont Temple, May 30. Governor Ames, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, Rev. E. A. Horton and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will take part. Mr. George M. Taylor is to preside at the organ, and there will be special singing by the Ariel Ladies' Quartette. Not only as a gathering of our Sunday-schools, but also as an appropriate observance of Memorial Day, the meeting promises to be an occasion of unusual interest.

At the May meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union held on the 21st inst., the members of the Visiting Committee made reports of the condition of the schools now connected with the Union, and offered valuable suggestions in the way of improvement in method and management. We hope to give an extended report of the meeting in our next number.

By the burning of the hall in which the Unitarian Sunday-school of Union City, Pa., had held its sessions, that flourishing young school lost all its library books. The Sunday-School Society is sending contributions of books to Union City to make up in part this loss, and would be glad to forward any good library books that may be sent to the Society's Rooms, No. 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Sunday-school of the Spring Garden Unitarian Society in Philadelphia meets every Sunday as a part of the congregation, sharing in the responsive service of reading, song, and prayer. Just before the sermon the children retire quietly to the parlors below for lessons. The teachers lose, of course, the morning sermon, but they can generally attend the evening service. Mr. Ames, the pastor, thinks that by this arrangement the children learn to think of themselves as a part of the congregation, and are naturally merged in it when they grow older. Mr. Ames says: "Thus we seem to have bridged over the old forbidding chasm between school and church."

The Plymouth and Bay Conference at a recent meeting in Hingham was addressed by the Rev. Frederic B. Allen, assistant rector of Trinity Church, Boston, on the subject of "Parish Problems." Among other things, Mr. Allen said that "the multiplication of brotherhoods and guilds, of Ten-Times-One and Lend-a-Hand Clubs, of Societies for Christian Endeavor, etc., among the young people of this country, is a most significant symptom. It enlists the social instincts of youth, the craving for companionship, and united effort upon the side of the kingdom of God. It breaks down that shame-faced self-consciousness which is so apt to paralyze young people's religious life just when it needs most the invigorating influence of action."

The story in the last number of Every Other Sunday, entitled "Hallowed be Thy Name," was inadvertently ascribed to Mrs. F. E. Colburn. It was taken from advance sheets of Mrs. Colburn's "Manual" (noticed in another column), but was *adapted*, not written, by the author of the Manual.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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